



THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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THE EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN OF THE STATE*

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The Coraddi

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The Coraddi

June, 1925



Black and White

Kate C. Hall

The old brick buildings of the big eastern university campus looked very peaceful and undisturbed under the warm September morning sun, as the crowds of boys and girls made their way from many different directions toward the big auditorium for their first Chapel assembly. The Freshmen could be told by their excited air, as they hurried to get there in time to be sure to find their new seats, but the older students moved more slowly in laughing, chattering groups. In the midst of one of these was Micky Barton, favorite of the Junior class, with his head thrown back, drinking in the good old university air, and a laugh on his lips at some sally from one of his companions. This was the third year that he had approached the old Chapel on opening day, and it gave him a good, familiar feeling. The young people were talking about the new alphabetical arrangements by which they had been assigned their assembly seats. Micky laughingly announced that he thought his seat would be next to that of his friend, George Barkley, because he could think of no Junior with a name that came in between theirs, and both boys gave wild hurrahs of satisfaction, without thinking to look at their assignment cards. As they reached the arched entrance, their voices grew more hushed, and they stepped inside to join the more subdued bustle of the search for new seats.

With his hand on George's shoulder, Micky made his way toward the front of the Junior section, pausing now and then to let an excited Freshman pass or to smile at a friend. They had come in with one of the last groups, and Micky saw the organist enter from the vestry to begin the prelude, just as he and George were approaching their section.

"B-5, B-5—why here I am, George. Where are you?" he whispered slipping into the row.

"I'm two from you, old man; B-3. Sorry," replied George, following him quickly, just as the deep notes of the organ began to roll. A hush fell on the huge assembly of students, and with a quick movement, Micky slipped by the person occupying B-4, stumbling a little over some object as he passed, and slid into his seat with a little sigh of relief. The person next to him whispered "Oh! I'm sorry my crutch got in your way."

He turned to look at the speaker, and found that his next door neighbor was a negro girl, a crippled negro girl. A slow red mounted to his face; he imagined that he heard the pitying whisper of his more fortunate classmates behind him and that he felt their curious glances.

It was only because he had been bred a gentleman that he kept his composure until after he had passed out of the Chapel doors. Then he turned and caught George Barkley by the arm. The boys looked at each other in consternation. Circumstances and their social position had combined until now to keep these two boys, brought up in fine old Southern families with the old fashioned view point on the race problem, from meeting up with a situation like this one. They had scarcely noticed the several negro students of the university, except occasionally in class, where they usually sat unobtrusively in the back of the lecture room, and they had certainly not thought of the sort of work these students were doing and, indeed, why they were there. It did not once occur to them that Louise Barum, handicapped not only by color, but also by her crutch, had acquired three years of college learning just as they had, only with an intensity of effort unknown and unnecessary to their hereditarily brilliant and already well-trained minds. They only thought of what people would say to their sitting by a negro; the old, deeply instilled training of their home and people was too closely ingrained to permit such an occurrence to pass without resistance on their part. At George's suggestion, they went to the dean's office, to ask that their seats be changed.

The dean heard their story with a patient face, over which there passed, once or twice, a trace of weariness and disappointment. This race friction came up every year in some form; it had happened so many, many times since the seven or eight years before when the university had first opened its doors to the negro students, and it was such a hard problem with which to cope. But the dean's disappointment was more specific than this, for he had not expected such an action from Micky Barton. There was something unusually fine in the boy's face—still, he could see the reason

for his attitude. The dean, whose long years of hard experience had made him wise and broad and kindly, sighed to think that his people did not understand the true meaning of a real brotherhood. Then, as they finished talking, he gathered all his powers of quiet eloquence to try to make the boys understand.

They listened quietly and politely, and once or twice Micky winced slightly, as he told them that he would do as they wished, but that he could not ask any other students to take the seats which they gave up. He said that he hoped they would consider the feelings of the girl, when she found herself between two vacant seats in Chapel, and he explained the social difficulties and, sometimes, the difficulties of defective training in some lines under which these negro students already labored and the feeling of hurt pride and undue necessity for struggle that they had because of the students' attitude. He finished by giving the two boys permission to take new seats on the morrow, if they saw fit; they bowed and withdrew.

Outside, Micky tried to laugh and joke with George and the other boys who joined them, but somehow the thought of Louise Barnum's crutch and some of the things the dean had just said kept coming back to him. He had a very uncomfortable feeling when he thought that the dean regarded her as a person to whom he would be inconsiderate if he moved his seat, and it haunted him all day.

That night, the big bonfire, given as a welcome by the old students to the new, was held on the athletic field. As usual Micky had an important part in some of the stunts, and in the excitement of the hour, he forgot all about his trouble of the morning. About nine-thirty, however, after his part in the affair was over, and while he was resting on the outskirts of the big crowd, which was getting ready for a big rope-pulling contest between the Freshmen and Sophomores, he noticed Louise Barnum, also on the outskirts of the crowd, leaning wistfully on her crutch and watching what she could with eager eyes. Just as the whole unfortunate situation of the morning rushed back to his consciousness, the swaying, excited crowd broke and began to spread out over the field. In the hurry and excitement of the moment, no one except Micky saw her as her crutch was knocked from under her arm and as she swayed and fell. As the unheeding crowd pushed on in their eagerness to get set for the sport, Micky, with a cry, bounded to her side, knocking several people out of the way, and picked up the fallen girl. Presenting his burly shoulders to the crowd and choosing the clearest way out, he somehow got the cripple girl out of the jam and helped her up the bauls to a place of safety on the sidewalk. In a few minutes more, he was back with her crutch, which they had left to be trampled upon. As he reached her side, he saw her

head was in her hands, and he stood by her silently for a moment, feeling awkward and embarrassed. In spite of his training, he instinctly felt that this situation could not be dealt with as he would have dealt with it at home. Finally, "Were you hurt?" he asked. The girl raised her head, and reached for the crutch, swung herself painfully to her feet.

"No, thank you, Mr. Barton. You are very kind, but I shall be quite all right."

She swayed a little, however, as she spoke, and Micky saw that she must be badly shaken if not really hurt.

"I'm afraid you can't get home alone, er-er-can you? I think you must be more shaken up than you think, and I'm afraid to let you try to go alone. Tell me where you live, please."

Almost passionately the girl shook her head.

"No, please, for my sake, Mr. Barton, if not for yours, don't think of coming with me. Really, I am quite strong and can get there alone."

But she swayed a bit as she spoke, and without another word, Micky took her arm and they started down the street. Several times during the first part of the journey, Louise Barnum tried to protest, finally breaking out with, "Your friends will not like it, Mr. Barton. Surely you must see that since I am a negro, you are doing what isn't done! If any of them see you, you will be ashamed to-morrow, I tell you."

She had no way of knowing that in order to make him leave she had said the worst thing possible to the proud Southern boy, and she did not see the firm tightening of his lips. Not knowing what to talk about, he said very little, but he went on without hesitating. Presently, the girl gave up the attempt to dissuade him, and turned her slight energy to the task of walking. They finally reached her boarding-house, and Micky left her on the door-step with an awkwardly expressed, although really sincere, wish that she might be all right by morning. As he turned away, her parting words were ringing in his ears: "You are very kind, Mr. Barton. It is more of a relief than you know to find someone who doesn't put all the barriers up. But—I shall be sorry to see you troubled about this. Good-night." For a moment, he lost all his feeling of the morning Chapel hour, forgot all the years of tradition and convention that had been his training, and felt that something was wrong with them all.

His thoughts were soon interrupted, however. The crippled girl's slow gait had made him late, and as he swung around toward the athletic field, he ran into a small bunch of his rollicking frat mates, returning to their house from the big university affair. They hailed him with shouts of joy as the "prodigal son" and drew

(Continued on Page 20)

After Graduation, What?

Inez Landon

"What am I going to do when I graduate?" is one of the most difficult questions circulating our college campus. As college students come to their Junior or Senior years they are bound sooner or later to face this question. Of course there are exceptions. Some have enough money to continue their studies at other universities; others intend to marry. But there are those of us who are confronted with this every day. We do not want to teach; we do not wish to stay at home, and we cannot afford to do post graduate work. What shall we do?

Are our universities and colleges preparing the average student to fit into the social and business world outside of the college campus? I do not believe they are. Rather they are making us dissatisfied with the life that we are fitted for and unable to secure the kind of positions we would like.

In college, aside from our regular work, we have our friends who are thinking and working with the same problems we are; we have a library where we can get the best literature of the world; and we have also various extra-curricula activities. College has changed our mode and code of living. We are no longer content with the thing which used to satisfy us. We want to live and by living we mean developing. We want to be poets, artists, musicians, authors, scientists, but we know we are doomed to a life of mediocrity and that the best we can probably do is to inspire and encourage someone else to be these.

Yet, even if we go into the teaching profession who of us wishes to bury herself in some little God-forsaken hole where she can not have books, music, or drama? For the bigger and more desirable places require teachers with experience or with a considerable amount of professional training. We have hated to spend too

much time on this highly specialized work when there were so many other courses that we felt were necessary to our intellectual growth and so we are not prepared to fill these positions. Also we feel that the people we shall meet in these teaching positions will bore us and that we shall long for our college friends with whom we can discuss Nietzsche, Menckeu, Shaw, where we can air our pet theories. We are terribly afraid that when we leave college and fill positions that are not our chosen ones that we shall "freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould."

It is true that College does give us vision, but it does not show us how to follow this vision. How delightful it would be if we could continue to study, and dream, and think. But no; we must be shoved into a world we neither made or understand, and we must lose as soon as possible our college look and our own individuality. We know we shall feel strange and ill at ease in this foreign world we are so rudely allowed to sink or swim in; for we have had mild doses of it already. During our vacations at home, we have found that we no longer belong to the group in which we once moved. They have stood still and we have moved on and now we are poles apart. We do not understand each other; we are bored with each other; and when vacation is over we return gladly to the college walls where we can discuss freely and sincerely what we think and feel without being misunderstood.

This is the problem and it is no small one. What are we who do not wish to teach to do? We do not desire idleness, but we do desire work that we love. With Gibran's Prophet we say, "And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy."

The Purchase

Jo Grimsley

I've bargained with you
And you've bought me:
You had a gem
A glowing wealth that caught me.
Oh, marvel that you
—You who sought me
Should bring that emerald
Chaste, so curiously wrought me!
Not shimmering moon-stone,
Wanton rubies, opaque pearls,
Nothing, nothing else
Could have bought me.

River Winds

Jo Grimsley

The winds of my river are dogs:
One is the great sea-dog wind,
Rough, leaping and bounding to knock against me.
Another is a fleet hound running,
Swift and clean of limb and light.
Oh, I love them all, all!
But if you could know the delight,
The gentle caresses of my little river dog
Fawning and trotting about me with soft fur
And his timid feet—
Then you would go there on a night in June.

Patsy

Kate C. Hall, '26

You would like my family. None of the children are grown up yet, though Ted, with his debonair air, is studying journalism in the north, and my dusky-haired Sallie is beginning to smile shyly, with the eyes of sweet sixteen, on the youngsters of high school and town. The twins, Carol and Star, are rollicking nine-year-olds, he with a shock of tow-colored hair, and she with wild, short golden curls, and they are the joy and the laughter of my heart. Philip, my slender, dark, five-year-old, with the dreamy air and talk of a budding poet, is to be hugged to my heart jealously, for he is my baby, and the adored one of our household. But it is of Patsy, twelve, red-headed, gorgeously bad, gloriously ridiculous, and altogether mischievous and freckled-faced and lovely, that I would tell you today.

Of course, it's not to be denied that just because Pat cuts his capers and hugs me in his impetuous young way only at nights or when I'm resting all alone, he isn't just as real as anybody's child. Heavens, if you had washed behind that boy's ears as often as I have!

I think the reason I adore him so is that he is the only one of my children who isn't a genius—unless he has a genius for being bad and for making people love him. Why, Ted's fiddle, and Sallie's voice, and Carol-and-Star's baked mud models and gorgeous futuristic daubings, and Philip's tiny, wistful, baby verses make me happier than I could ever tell you, because the children are living so happily and fully when they use their gifts. But dear Patsy—well, he's just Patsy, jack-of-all-trades, not especially good at any, except at making people laugh—and love him. I think that if the dear child could write, as Phil will do some day, he would develop into the foremost American humorist of his day, or if he could sing, he would rival any black-faced comedian on the stage, or if he could draw, like the twins, he would rival all the cartoonists. But, alas, for the American public's amusement he will only stand on his head, to waggle his feet at me in the most outrageously impudent fashion.

Sallie lives in daily fear that his red head will suddenly protrude itself from beneath the

porch bench while she's talking to Hugh or Van some night, but she need not worry; my Patsy never resorts to such underhand methods. He prefers the direct way of going out to consult Hugh about the baseball team he's picking, and sitting down on the bench or swing in between the two. I have to call him in with a regularity that has become almost automatic.

Ted, at the slightly fastidious stage of a college sophomore, views his younger brother's ravages with more or less alarm, unless Pat can coax him out of his dignity. Then the scrap that ensues is worth seeing, for my Ted doesn't row on his college eleven for nothing!

The twins eye Patsy askance when he approaches their paintings for a few moments of friendly criticism. And the audacious youngster, discarding the Mother, Mummie, Muddie, etc., of the other children, calls me by my nickname, as he has heard Hugh's mother do. All the relatives think I am terrible for letting him do it, but heavens, what can you do with a boy like that? Ssh, don't tell anybody—though I believe he knows it—but I really like it!

But for all his teasing of the rest of us, where Philip is concerned, Patsy is as harmless as a great, gentle collie. Philip is his especial care and delight, his shrine, at which he worships with gentle awe. The bits of verse that the wee boy is always telling to us are words of supreme wisdom, as far as Pat is concerned. I never hesitate to trust my beautiful, frail baby with my rough, mischievous twelve-year-old, for in his presence, Pat's voice becomes gentler, his twinkling eyes soften, and if ever the tiniest danger seems to threaten Philip, his hard young fists double up, ready for a fight.

Oh! I could talk on at length about Patsy, or about any of them, for that matter, though I just happened to get started on him today. Just like a mother, isn't it? But I do want you to know him. Oh! there he goes, now.

"Pat! Patsy! dear!"

Didn't hear me, I suppose, for he's gone like a streak of lightning. I'm sorry. I suppose he's going to the river for a swim—and it's only March! What would you do with such a son?

EDITORIALS

North Carolina's Head In the Sand

North Carolina is acting like an ostrich. With its head in the sand of religious prejudice and intolerance, it thinks it is safe. In reality it is blinding itself to progress.

Not long ago one of the most capable graduates of the college was refused a position in one of the public schools of the state on the grounds that she was a Catholic. The superintendent had overlooked this fact in offering her the position and, when he learned it, said he felt compelled to retract his offer. His action, he said, was based on regard for the feelings of the community. He himself had no objection to employing her. A similar situation has arisen in connection with one of our graduates who is a Jewess. After receiving free tuition from the state, she finds herself denied the opportunity of fulfilling her obligation to the state by teaching in the public schools.

We have no much maligned legislature to saddle with the blame. There is no law on the statute books of North Carolina requiring superintendents to employ only Protestants, regular in church attendance and of Nordic ancestry. This is dictated by the feeling of the community—which is infinitely more dangerous. If the sentiment of a community is more enlightened than its laws, the laws may be changed, or at least evaded. But if the group mind itself is prejudiced and narrow in its vision we have a weary, patience-exhausting march to progress. Not every community in North Carolina is so benighted, yet on the whole, it is the exceptional community which has shaken itself free.

To any one with human sympathy the injustice done the individual who is discriminated against appears frightful. But it is as nothing compared to the injury to the state itself. When all our teachers are of selected type, and our thought runs in selected grooves, we shall have very effectively safeguarded ourselves from the forces of progress. It is a fact well known to thinking men that in variety we have the essential condition of progress. Variation in our mode of thinking, in our mode of action is of infinite value in feeling out the way of advance in human affairs. In fact, so much of the improvement in the affairs of

mankind has been brought about by individuals who have differed from the herd that variation itself, whether in the common judgment, toward the good or the bad, has come to be deemed by many a supreme value in life. Variety, then may be said to be not only the spice of life but the leavening for the whole mass of the dough of humankind.

But we in typical North Carolina communities repudiate it. We know the type we like and we will have none of any other kind. Following our present policy, we shall become entirely stereotyped, and the North Carolina trademark will guarantee absolute purity in Protestantism and in Nordic blood.

Our Three Souls

Pamphylax, watching the prophet dying in the desert, remembered the doctrine, which the aged seer had taught through his own life, of "Three souls which make up one soul:"

* * * * *

"What does, what knows, what is; three souls, one man."

It is a doctrine which we would do well to remember. We have spent this year—some of us years—here at college striving for self-development, seeking means through which we can express that self. To some of us self-development means cultivation of the ability to do, the development of the physical self. We swim, we hike, we ride. Others of us concentrate upon the development of the intellectual self, utterly disregarding of the physical. In the life of the average college student today one or both of these two phases of life consume all of the time, attention, and effort. Many are hardly conscious that they have a spiritual being also. They are always concerned with doing, never with being. They ignore the soul that constitutes man's self, the soul that 'is what is.'

Instead of having one soul through which we may express our personality we have—if we are but conscious of it—three. In some realms and conditions we find our fullest expression through the physical self, in some through the mental or intellectual, while in others through the spiritual self. There is no realm or companionship from which we are excluded if we can express ourselves through each of our three souls.

Pruning

Julia Blauvelt

She had counted the eight hundred and seventy-two roses around the border of the wall paper twice. She had counted the two hundred and twenty stripes five times. It was impossible to try to sleep longer and when the old Rhode Island rooster crowed the fourth time she crept trembling eagerly out of bed. She began to dress in the grey dawn.

No wonder she couldn't sleep. Harry was coming home—to stay. It had been six years since he had been home—to stay. And Harry, who still seemed her baby, was bringing home a wife. Harry's wife had written to her, letters full of lovely things about Harry. Of course she had always known all the things Alice said about him, but it brought a happy flush to her pale, wrinkled cheeks to know that someone else knew, too. She had read the letter perhaps a dozen times. Harry had written, too—wonderful things about Alice. But she had only read his letter twice. The first time she had had a queer feeling of fright. The second time it was hard to read because of some warped places and some places where the ink was smeared.

Just at first she had wished that he would come alone. But the thought was so selfish that she had hated herself for it. After that, she had said over and over, "I'm glad she's coming. I'm glad." And she was glad—now.

It was still very early when she walked out, over the dewy grass on the front lawn and stood under the big tree to see the sunrise. She watched its redness tint the sky, edge the tree-tops, touch the dewdrops with fire. She saw it turn to pure gold and then to light. "How beautiful it is!" she said, and she put one thin, wrinkled hand out to touch the bark of the tree. She remembered how years ago when she had been the bride, she had jumped and clapped her hands at some radiant ancestor of this sunrise. That was a remnant of those happy, care-free days before the children were born. After that there was happiness but there wasn't time for the intoxicating joy. Then her husband had died and the children had grown up with bewildering haste. It seemed as though one day she were making a pair of rompers for Harry, and that before she could finish them it was time to go to see him graduate from the agricultural college. Since he had been away there

had been more time to look at things, but it wasn't just the same as the first joyous days. She was tired. She knew she must be getting old. She realized it again when she found that she was stroking the rough oak bark tenderly.

"It is silly of me, and it shows I'm getting old to love things so," she said. "I think it's a sign of oldness. Young people love times, old people love things. But I can't help it. I haven't had anything else for so long. But now Harry is coming, life will change again for me. After the delirious happiness, and the tiredness, I'm going to find something new—peace." She was thinking that soon the little gate would swing back for Harry and his bride to enter. It was just the same, the old gate, only there were rambler roses climbing on it now and an arch of them above. She had found that you couldn't keep children, and roses on gates at the same time, and Harry had always been on the gate. She remembered how he had indulged in wild rides upon it since first he could climb and hold on with chubby hands and little crooked bare toes. "But there!" she checked herself, "There isn't time for dreaming."

Back to the house she hurried. Into the parlor she went. Yes, every fold of the lace curtains hung in place. Her prettiest centerpiece was on top of the organ with a bowl of roses on it. She turned the bowl so that the big yellow rose would show. She hoped Alice could play the organ or at least "pick out hymns." Now to the pantry she fluttered. There were the rows on rows of doughnuts whose making she had so deliciously prolonged. On the top shelf the lemon pies were oozing thick, brown syrup through the merangue. She went into her bedroom and smoothed the black silk dress again. There was absolutely nothing left to do, so she sat down to rest a bit. "He must find it as it used to be," she confided to her inanimate friends in general. He shan't feel a stranger in his own home if I can help it."

At last they came, through the gate and up the shady walk. How happy and young they were! They would be tired. Perhaps, she suggested, they would like to rest. But no, they wanted to see everything. She had hoped that they would. They went into the parlor to take their things off.

"Oh, how quaint!" Alice exclaimed. "Isn't this a dream of a place for my new blue draperies! Oh, an organ," and she darted to it. She started to play chopsticks and then turned and looked at Harry and laughed. "Dear me," she said, "I could never play the thing."

"Never mind," Harry answered. "We can have a victrola instead. Mother can't play it anyway. It hasn't been touched for years."

"Oh dear!" thought his mother. "But there," she assured herself, Alice would have to receive all her callers here. She would want it to suit herself. That was perfectly right.

They left the house. She held tightly to one of Harry's arms and Alice held the other. She didn't let herself think of the organ, but there was a queer, little, heavy feeling in the place in her heart where she had thought about it.

"What a dear, dear, old place this it!" cried Alice, jumping up and down. "And Harry, dear, it won't be so dreadful hard to fix, will it?"

Fix? What did they mean? Perhaps Alice had been worrying about keeping the place up. It hadn't been much trouble to her. It would be easy for both of them.

She led them out under the sunrise tree. She looked toward the gate again. It was swaying invitingly on rusty hinges.

"Mind, Harry," she said, "how you used to swing on that gate? Why many's the time I'd send you to the store and come out half an hour later to find you'd never even gotten beyond the gate."

"Yes," Harry said absently. Then he turned to Alice. "You know, Al, I wonder how a little rustic gate something like those we saw in Linville would look there."

"Oh, one of those little Bohemian looking gates!" Alice clapped her hands. "Oh, I like that, and somehow it will make it seem more like our country home and less like our home in the country. Don't you think so?"

Harry did. Harry's mother didn't understand exactly what he meant. He wanted to take down the gate. It had been there longer even than he had been. But there! Harry could do as he pleased. He had come back.

There was so much to show them. Breathlessly, she fluttered along beside Harry. "You must have some of the good cool water from the well," she said. "There it is, Alice, right in the cove. See how its all shadowed over with ivy. And clear—why if you look in it you can see your face better'n in any mirror that ever

was. It even sorta softens your features."

"Isn't it cute," Alice said slowly.

"Yes, Mother," Harry was saying.

He didn't sound as if he were remembering. He sounded as if he were learning, she thought. "Come on; let's have a look at it."

They walked down the grassy slope to the well. She almost felt as though it must be glad to reflect his face again. Isn't he handsome?" she wanted to say. She knew it was silly. She was silly today, but she didn't care.

"Well, Mother," he said finally, "it's a wonder we survived all these years drinking this water. Location isn't a bit good. Now, when we tear off those vines! They're awfully dirty, dusty, things to be hanging over the well. Now let's see, this board lining isn't conducive to extra pure water, to say the least. When we get it fixed with cement slant-offs on each side and a good cover so the surface won't be exposed and all this brush cleared from around it, I think it'll do. I can't wait to get to work at the place."

"Harry!" his mother gasped and caught his sleeve.

"That's all right," he answered. "I just love to do such things and it won't be very expensive."

She hadn't exactly meant that. But it was all right. "Come see the little brand new baby chicks," she said. "Harry, what do you think! That same old speckled hen hatched these chickens as was hatching chickens when you left. Six years! I never saw a hen that could cover more eggs or tend to chickens better. I always set store eggs by those chickens. I just pick out a mixed twenty eggs, no special kind, and then it's such a deal of fun to see what kinds of chickens'll hatch out. They do look so sweet and mixed, all black, and brown, and yellow, and speckled."

Harry hardly seemed to be listening. Perhaps he didn't remember the hen. Six years was a long time. She remembered that again.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "I know you'll be interested in the new kind of chickens I'm experimenting with. Of course we'll have to get rid of these chickens. Then we'll get new pens and modern apparatus and really go in for chicken-raising on a paying basis. The chickens are all white and look almost like a field of snow."

He was so happy, so enthusiastic. His eyes

ANSWERS TO SYMPOSIUM

Lillian Pearson, '27

What is faith? Bishop Penick used this illustration: "We are all travelers on the road to the Celestial City. As we follow the straight and narrow way, we will come to the deep, swift-flowing river of Doubt. The ferry of Faith plies from shore to shore, and almost all the travelers cross on this ferry." But you are of independent mind, and will not go where others lead. You set to work and build up a bridge of your own hypothesis, your own "selections of various combinations of beliefs." If you live long and work unceasingly, you may be able to cross the river of Doubt, into the land of Belief, on the bridge of your own construction. But how much better it is to cross on the ferry of Faith.

Let us have Faith. If we build our own theology, we must believe it, to make it our own. The teachings of your own church have satisfied the religious needs of many people. Why can you not make these your own beliefs, through faith in them? We must believe in some power greater than ourselves. Call it "cosmic intelligence" or call it the Triune God, but believe. They have the same attributes. If you can acknowledge the existence of the "cosmic intelligence," why not admit that this guiding spirit of the universe is the God all Christians worship?

If you had sung Haydn's "Creation" with me today, you would have said, "Surely there is a God." I do not say that you must believe every detail of the whole Bible, to be a Christian. Far from it. If you can truly say: "I believe in the Lord God, our Heavenly Father, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord," you have all faith. Then all petty questions which now vex you, will solve themselves.

Lacy Lee Gaston

I imagine that the Symposium in the last Coraddi made us all begin to think. I am wondering if it served to make more of doubt or to make our beliefs stronger. For me at least, it served as a reminder. I took an inventory of my thoughts.

After having freed my mind of emotions, I faced the subject in a matter-of-fact way. The new ideas about the evolution of Man have made us wonder. Some of the theories seem plausible. The thinking student is not afraid to face them. But must they shake our faith in "The God of our fathers" or will they on the other hand, help us to conceive of a greater God than we have ever known?

It may become a fad to be a non-believer. It is rather modern; but we should ask ourselves, is it safe? In case we do at some day face a Judge, which of course the non-believer denies, will not the person who has proclaimed absolute faithlessness be in a worse position than the sinner who has really tried to live right?

When we go to a funeral, we believe in God more than at other times. How can we think of those we love without at the same time thinking of having them with us through eternity? The sweet things of life, as well as the sad, make us feel God. A little child is a representative of God that we see daily. God speaks to us always through the trees and the flowers, the moon and the stars, and our conscience.

One can be a believer without being emotional. The person who tries to do the square thing, though he often fails, has caught the vision of the living God.

Dawn

Julia Blauvelt

A quick zig zag of harmony from tree to tree
Pierces the morning twilight.
The sword of dawn is in the heart of night.
His crimson blood is streaming in the East.
A last star creeps behind the sky,
Lingering, to ponder on mortality,
And tremble, wondering whether day-slain stars
Shall evermore return to dot the skies.

POETRY PAGE

"Old Shag"

Old Shag MacLean, he lives again
Although his days are over,
Although his soul slipped out a hole
Drilled by a bullet rover.

Old Shag, he swore there was no life
Beyond the cold dark river,
But some folks say that on the day
They sowed him with the clover.

Strange sights were seen. The grass grew green
Above old Shag's plugged torso.
Now slow cows graze through lazy days
Where death laid old Shag low. So—

Shag now feeds the springing grass,
And that grass feed Shag's cattle,
The cattle keep Shag's sons in meat
And primes them for life's battle.

So Shag MacLean does live again,
Although he's not a riser
That swoops and sings on heavenly wings—
Shag's merely fertilizer.

—Bertie R. Craig, '26.

Barter

(A Sonnet)

Katherine Coles Gregory, '27

As in the toy shop he stops to stare,
The loit'ring lad, so dazzled, and so slow,
With flushed, excited cheeks, his eyes aglow
Shift eagerly and swiftly here and there;
While, in a chubby fist, he grasps with care
His magic coin-key to the wondrous show—
And ponders as to what he shall forego,
Which thing to choose, which object is most rare;
So, I before the mart of learning stand,
With trembling thoughts, and with uneasy fears,
Not knowing which of jewels near at hand
Is worthiest of my coin—my four short years,
Desiring, hoping, gems of Sawarcaud,
A purchase that will wear—come joys, come tears.

Romance

Brooks Johnson, '26

What is Adventure? Where is Romance?
It is as distant as the north star,
As unattainable as the moon.
It is only a shadow, a mirage on the desert of
life,
A Will o' the Wisp in the swamps of the com-
monplace.
It is that which is sought after and never found.
It is a young girl's dreams come true.
It is a spirit lonely, immortal—
As elusive as the moon beams,
As mystic as the night breezes . . .
Genius alone can catch it, and, then for but a
moment.
An artist imprisons it on his canvas with soft
tones and glowing colors;
The poet catches it with exquisite fancies and
swinging rhythms;
The musician gives it to us in haunting melo-
dies and ecstatic rhapsodies,
But sound soon dies,
Colors fade,
Poetry may be misinterpreted—
Then, where is the soul?

"The pale grey sand lies on the shore
Awaiting the slap of the waves before
It melts into the sea. So this love of mine:—
I do not wish your heart to be as kind
As glad at sight
Of me as mine when you have come.
I do not wish that you stoop from
That God-like height
To smile or speak to me. Why must
I ask that your eyes gleam just for my delight?
Friends may touch hands and smile
And know the heart of one for one. While
I? No I must tarry in awful pain and fear
Gladly, madly, gladly, like a driven deer,
Or grey winged bat, beating my desire
Against a wild, red, scorching fire.

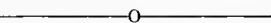
—Nancy Little, '27.

Vacation

Mae Graham

You who sit across the table,
Do you know why I'm here?
You see me calm and quiet and still—
Smiling, shrugging, thinking nothing.
I came because of you,
Of you, whom I never saw before.
You do not know me? You never will,
And that is why I talk to you.
We talk of the weather, of town, of men,
But never of him I love;
I want to talk of him—
Of his blonde hair, his gray eyes,
But I can't, because you do not know,
And so we chatter on and on,
While I want him all the time.

And you, stranger, across the table,
Why are you here today?
Are you swift, and twisted, and tortured
Until you, too, are calm, and quiet and still?

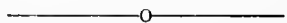


Dream Husks

Fadean Pleasants

My dreams change often as the color pools
Smiling fitfully on this quiet stream;
In gorgeous reds and blues they quiver,
In lovely iridescence gleam.

They fill me with their dancing ecstasy,
Until their sun-lit glories all depart;
Ah! then their empty, haunting husks
Lie heavily 'gainst my tired heart.



Post Mortem

Jo Grimsley

Dear silent, silver River,
I give you me,
My body to strip of its flesh
And make for yourself
From my skeleton
A unique set of dice.
Then in the lonely night, dear Gambler,
You can wager and "roll your bones."

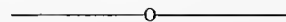
A Dream

Bertie Ratliffe Craig

Beneath the trees
Where the moonlight leaves
Traces upon the dewy grass,
The fairies play
Dim hours away
And kiss the shining stars that pass.

Some dance and sing,
Some form a ring
To talk of problems mighty
And wag their heads
At wise things said
In their judgment of the flighty

In shadows flecked
And smartly checked,
Where leaves let the moonbeams pass,
A wee elk lurks
And works and works
At a cross-word puzzle on the grass.



Pretending

Julia Blauvelt

On bleak, blue nights
When souls are lone,
I lie awake, and think, and plan
The things you'll do, and say, and understand.
How I shall tell you strange, thin fears I have,
Of all the suffocating beauty of the world
That soothes and kills;
Of all the emptiness of cramped, close usual things,
And all the turgid, seething fulness of wide spaces.
And I shall tell you how I ache to find a way to say,
That I have heard the weary stars cry out on still and
silent nights
And seen gruff, blustering winds come bearing quiet
peace.
I shall say how all the strange, low, overtones of life,
Are realer than the melody itself to me.
And after all my stumbling words, at last—
I'll pause before the great, ultimate, small things,
That have their being in the feel of life
For which there are no words or songs.
And you will softly take my hand,
And understand.

Oh, well, I tell you and you call it "temperament."
But that, I think is neither here nor there.
I love you for the dark, deep, lonely nights
When best of all the people in the world,
I can pretend that you will understand.

A College Freshman at the End of the Year

Susie Sharp

The president, the faculty, and the deans of a college have no difficulty in describing every Freshman class as it was when it came to their institution. Freshmen classes are all alike. They either expect a Jean Webster creation or a James Lane Allen battle field. All too quickly, however, they find that the college of fiction is far removed from the college or reality and that the adjustment to a changed environment, intellectual and social, is a serious thing. A freshman's reaction will determine possibly the whole course of his future life. It is not so easy, Mr. President and faculty, for you to tell how each freshman class has left you. You cannot know the manner in which you have impressed yourself, for you have entered each student life as you have appealed to him. Freshmen are susceptible beings. Have you enquired how they are leaving you?

Every year the Freshman class comes to the college with a store of ideals and aspirations; each member realizes that here is new opportunity. The high school honor pupil hopes to add to his laurels and the others hope to gain them. To both students, however, comes a sense of their minuteness. They feel that among so many they are infinitesimally small. Along with this feeling comes a sharp poignant stab of pain—thoughts of home. In the joy of a new existence, in the pleasures of each new phase of college life, the Freshman has had little time to think of home. It is only when the routine has begun, when he feels himself only an atom in the whole, when letters begin to arrive telling of the changes at home, that the Freshman realizes his position. The baby has a new tooth or little brother has a new suit with a vest—these are the milestones of family life and the Freshman is not there to see them. Moreover, he realizes that college is only the beginning of his altered family position. He begins dimly to see what his elders meant by that despised taunt, "Your school days are your happiest days." They are fleeting and he tries to grasp them, to realize them, and to force as much gaiety into them as they will hold. Decidedly no one would guess from his superficial joyousness the seriousness beneath.

As the Freshman leaves behind him his back seat pranks, he leaves behind his idea of thinking. Few, if any, have done any creative thinking before they come to college. They come, as it were, into a new realm—"the dominion of thought." They are taught from the first that "the wealth of the mind is the only true wealth." The Freshman tries sincerely to control the workings of his mind but, unused to much thinking, it is liable to play him queer tricks. Hints of thoughts, gleams of light, and troubled sensations flash

across his brain but are just as quickly gone. Ideas slowly begin to crystalize and gradually his preconceived impressions and tastes change. Possibly they do not change as the faculty would have them change but they change.

Freshman English teaches him to punctuate and apply the rules of writing. He begins to watch to see these rules applied. To his great astonishment he finds that not all authors apply them. That is, perhaps, his first contact with the disagreement of authorities. Mathematics teaches him formulas which carry him to infinity. As he is a Freshman, he will probably think that he has a passion for them since mathematics are the only things which always tell the truth. Languages teach him that one must specialize; only the nearly perfect are accepted.

However much literature and mathematics may help to change a Freshman's philosophy, the natural sciences cause him to doubt the interpretation of the universe which he has accepted. Matter and Energy and Law—they make the universe. It is impossible that all a Freshman's conception of truth—his religion—can stand this enlightenment. In his zeal to find the truth he may become too anxious to rid himself of all fundamentalisms, to become thoroughly modernistic. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing!" The freshman is intoxicated with knowledge. He breaks bond after bond, and association after association. Suddenly he stops his precipitous, headlong rush. Where is he; what does he have now that is tangible? Matter, Energy, Law! Indeed, it is time that he stopped, reviewed his new knowledge and its relation to life. What is the use, he asks himself? I have studied and I am tired. I can never realize truth so why should I think? Thinking only makes one unhappy. Am I glad or sorry that I came to college?

The college stands judged when he makes his answer. Undoubtedly college has taken from the Freshman many things—prejudice, delusions and possibly religion! That much is certain and the college is glad. But is the college certain that for every false idea it has substituted a sound one? Has faith been replaced by the worship of Law, or has dread been caused by vague and scattered ideas? In a cold, impersonal way colleges realize that their freshmen are deciding momentous questions but they make no effort to aid those decisions. One must decide for himself, they say. True, but how do they decide? Many formulate their creed, live more fully and serve better, but to many others a little learning has been a dangerous thing.

Water Sketches

Jo Grimsley

1

Walking down to this river in the morning, one goes on light feet and treads with delight in the crunching sand grown over with wiry grass and a jaunty pink bloom that is like a small savage hollyhock. A cool wind from across the placid silver water blows away gray chiffon mists which linger and pass like light smoke over the mirror surface.

Night's purple has faded and the last bit of tawny yellow is drunk up by the sky as if it were scuppernong wine. Long smooth streaks of silver lie across the water, ruffled into molten lead by the wind, quivering, trembling, rippling with a thousand motions.

From the swamp a little wind creeps up sighing like the breath of ghosts. There are ghosts, pale Cypress-knee Ghosts kneeling in the penitential swamp at their matin prayers. Long, dim opal shadows steal behind them, wavering in the early morning sun, moving uncertainly. The swamp is silent; not once has the morning stirred.

My feet are cool on the wharf planks, going silently above the smooth moving water until I stand, my body swaying on the spring-board and my eyes feeling the coolness, gazing on the blue of the sky and the silver-blue of the water. It is true I have seen a little coral-green crab scuttling leisurely thru the water; but I have seen no other motion and I dare not plunge into the sacred stillness of the River. I must wait, I challenge the River to stir first, to invite me— Oh! There it is: a silver-white fish leaps, gleaming and water-flinging, high into the air with a final curve of the body that is a challenge, the River's invitation to me.

2

I'm on my way to the river, swinging, striding over my short shadow in the hot sand, hurrying in the heat of the Sun. Here are all the noonday river things; a lazy gray lizzard creeping along a fallen log, the sleepy black snake sliding off from his disturbed resting place, and a glazed-winged dragon fly skimming from stake to stake in the water. Cool brown roots stretch themselves down the shore's edge and coil like sea serpents in the weed-tangled water. In a cool recess sits a solemn green frog, bloated, staring about him and gloating to think of the plump water bugs he has

just devoured for his luncheon. Lucky fellow, you've had more to eat than I. His shelter is a pine, bending trembling over the water, curving down its branches to dip in the incoming tide. The waves run up hurriedly as if they were children playing steal-sticks and they touch the sand's edge in excitement. Glittering water leaps in the dazzling sun and its sun-spread path is too terrible, too blinding to look at. Brown bark chips float and ride on the water's vivid blue; above, the white-steam clouds glide across a sky of intense blue. The languid wind is heat-laden. High against the blue a love buzzard circles lazily, wheeling slowly. The indigo surface heaves and stirs, nestles under the heat, and I must close my eyes because one can look only for a minute.

3

The night is cool and young, waking up and stretching itself lazily with the coming of the round new moon. Lonely swamp trees creak their limbs for comfort and all the air shivers with the eerie cry of an owl. Feathery brouches stretch out against the moon and quiver, stirring dim shadow; long gray searves of moss festoon the trees and drop in thick, smothering folds. From the murky, moon-gleaming, shadow-covered water of the swamp rise pale ghostly cypress, balk and hideously shaped. The languid wind that comes from the swamp to us is like a grief-stricken sound, low and mournful. . . . Oh, my dear! Don't let us go any nearer it.

This cool, clean wind comes from the river. Beyond it's shining moon-path, the river is dark and cold and restless; fitful little waves run in fearfully. They raced in, eager and hurried, foaming like mad horses; they fling themselves on the sand and fly back as if pursued. Something hidden calls them back, a thing mysterious and unspeakable, far off, beautiful and infinite. And it is hidden. I may gaze painfully thru the thick night of the river under it's stars and find the dim tree-edged shore line a mile and a half across; but that answers me nothing. The midnight blue fields that edge a bit of the eager-leaping river—they tell me nothing. And the silent wind leaps among the waves and rushes me roughly and tells the secret into my ear; but I do not know how to translate the language.

Shadows

Fadean Pleasants

Long shadows fall along the rain-drenched street,
And dim the dreams my tear-stained heart has known;

For, such shadows falling, in joy replete
We journeyed once—and now I walk alone.

Portrait

Brooks Johnson, '26

I first saw her on a street car, that commonplace but faithful servant of the ordinary, placid, middle-class American. It was early in the evening and the car was filled with the theatergoing crowd, so that I did not see her until it was in motion. I noticed her at first because she was out of place. She did not belong among us schoolgirls with our curly bobbed hair and flaring taffetas.

I was glancing over my program when a faint perfume which made me think of jade anklets, rubies and carved teakwood boxes was wafted to my nostrils. Then I looked up and caught sight of her swinging onto a strap with so much rhythm and movement expressed in her beautifully formed body that I immediately thought of an exotic orchid swaying gracefully from some wine-covered tree amidst the luxuriant foliage and deep shade of a tropical forest.

She was not tall in stature, yet because of her vivid coloring she seemed taller, more majestic than the rest of us. The incongruity of a bowl of roses. Her dark brown hair was parted in the middle and drawn smoothly back from her forehead. It was coiled low on her neck and caught with a comb that was carved most exquisitely. Slender balls of gold dangled from her ears. Her gown which was of beautiful red velvet, seemed to be only a reflection

of her own vivid personality. A long cape of soft black material hung half way off her shoulders and only seemed to accentuate the beautiful curves and the radiant whiteness of her throat and arms.

What a picture she made! She was a lovely princess of medieval times who had left her enchanted palace and stepped right into the midst of the twentieth century hum-drum life. She had a beautifully shaped head and her forehead was exquisitely modeled with perfectly arched brows shading her eyes which were large and almond shaped. I could not tell whether they were grey or green because of the shining blackness of their pupils. They were eyes that you could not fathom. That seemed at the same time to hold a spark of mischief and the glistening of a tear.

Her lips were scarlet, full and beautifully shaped with an expression half-amused, half-wistful, half-cynical. Hers was a sensitive mouth that belied the devil-may-care light in her eyes, and told of a spirit more sensitive, more emotional, more delicate than she would have cared to reveal. The astounding contradictions that I saw in her personality amazed me. She was a Mona Lisa living in the twentieth century, a Madonna masquerading as a court dancer.

0

The Morning Swim

Jo Grimsley

Hi! you light waves running in
Riding, riding,
Swath me with your white foam caps
Gliding, gliding,
Lift me lightly on yourselves,
Floating, floating,
I'm a little brown dark chip
Boating, boating,
High above we loom white clouds,
Sailing, sailing,
And the flashing sea birds fly

Wailing, wailing.
How they swerve and curve and cry
Screaming, screaming.
A keen wind whips bright bubbles
Gleaming, gleaming.
Then my hair, turned brown sea-weed,
Clinging, clinging.
It sways with the green-white waves,
Swinging, swinging.
Oh! the sun is young and the wind is fine,
And this river's leaping laughter is mine.

A Study in Black and White

Mary Eliason

Slowly because of her short legs, but panting because of her excitement, a small girl climbed the steps to Miss Mame's house. On the porch a negro woman sat rocking a white baby.

"Go'n home. You can't bang on the pianner this ev'ning," she said with disapproval.

"Miss Mame said I could and I'm goin' to. I'm goin' to be musick lady when I gets big."

And with her eyes gleaming with determination the little black girl marched into the house. Her red hair-ribben stood up on her almost straight hair like a banner.

"Nigger," said the old black woman scornfully, "music lady, huh."

* * *

White faced men sat around a table. Grim silence filled the room. On the table lay a crumpled note, a pen, and a checkbook.

"This note was bought for fifteen dollars from that girl. Ten thousand dollars for the silence of my client or"

* * *

In a cosy apartment a slim negro girl leaned back in a chair, her feet to the fire. The fire-light flickered on the shadowing wall, caught in the red stone on her finger, shone on the dainty patent slippers in her hands. It did not gleam softly on ivory keys.

She picked up the price tag, fifteen dollars. The fire shone on the whites of her eyes, glinted lips, and fell back into the ashes.

The Cigarette

The glaring electric lights disclosed cruelly the drabness of the furnishings and occupants of the station waiting room. On a bench near the door sat a woman. She was dressed in an out-of-date suit and hat. A frizzled bob straggled from under her hat. Three red carnations were pinned to her waist by a rhinestone crescent. The glance of her blue eyes gave back only blankness in answer to that of the curious passer-by. Her feet were crossed. One hand lay on the bench; the other held a purse in her lap.

A cigarette glowed dimly within the half-closed hand on the bench; a slight, almost imperceptible, bluish smoke curled from between her fingers. Furtively she raised her hand to her lips, drew in the smoke of the cigarette, and with bent head exhaled it.

The Apple

An old woman sat in the woman's rest room. Her body filled her clothes to the breaking point. She was dressed in a full black skirt, a jacket, once black, under which could be glimpsed a pink outing waist. With an inward tremor one could notice her hand-knit black and red striped stockings which showed above her mannish shoes. Her greyish red hair was pulled straight back and wound in a knot on her neck. Her round, fat face was smooth and pink. One hand lay relaxed in her lap; the other carried a grassy store-bought apple to her lips. Back and forth she rocked, stolidly and rhythmically; up and down she raised the apple, chewing reflectively with her toothless gums.

So This Is College

Evelyn Trogdon

R-r-r-r-r-i-n-n-g! Then the scuffling of tardy feet. A low hum dying away imperceptibly. Quiet Or maybe a sepulchral voice emanating from a transom. Infinite time. Yawns suppressed. R-r-r-r-r-i-n-n-g. . . . Youth and clatter and brisk foot steps—a cheerful voice. Then fading again.

Echoing dormitories, dim and uniform. Some are singing off key in the resounding bath. Arguments and conversation. "Gottuh go tuh gymn." The smell of "goulash" insinuating itself on keen nostrils. Thoughts of home around lunch hour and what that smell would be. Mother. . . . gee!

A meal over, almost before it is begun. Complaints of food, expressed and unexpressed. But the food disappears.

A sleepy, stuffed feeling giving way to the hateful reality of impending class.

Sarcastic voices pouring forth knowledge into ears that are most indifferent. Jealousy of age for youth and of unlearned youth for the wisdom of the oracle-teacher.

Freedom! Cool springy air. A class meeting or a tennis match. Anticipations of a possibly-but-not-probably-thrilling Main Street. The noisy hush of the library; the sight of bare knees. An occasional sweet rasp of a violin heard above the constant blur of piano sound.

Hurry. . . . Dinner. A pretense of study. The feminine cackling and gay bantering indicative of high spirits. A gradual settling into real study. Boys arriving, eager and very polite.

Ten fifteen and bed—maybe. All too confidential confidences while the room mate goes to sleep at the most interesting part. . . . Oh, well. . . .

My Uncle Sam's Manners

Polly Duffy

A learned professor of our college has said that he can forgive a breach of morals, but a breach of manners is unpardonable. A great many of us feel that way about our families. There is something particularly tell-tale in a breach of manners. A breach of morals is a flash in the pan but breach of manners reaches back into history and tells, for instance, whether our ancestors came over on the May Flower. Besides who that has manners (feels any need for morals?) Morality is a decidedly bourgeois trait.

In consideration of all these facts I am peculiarly sensitive about certain reports which I have been hearing concerning my Uncle Sam. In the most erudite circles and occasionally on the street corner, I have heard his manners called into question. I have heard it said for instance—I hesitate to repeat it—that he boasts in a very unmannerly way. They say that he shows no restraint at all in speaking of his family and what they have done. Some people suspect him of thinking that his family is the only really "nice" one on earth. And the way he is training his children! Every one of the little things is taught to praise him whenever he comes into sight. He has made them such

cocky little brats that they are hated by all the neighbors. In fact, I have heard it said that they almost never pay a sincere compliment to any one else. Then, if they find a nice sand pile to play in or anything like that they run away and get a stick up in it, a pole with a piece of goods tied on it. That is their sign that all the other children must keep off. They consider their vanity very much wounded if they have to take down one of their little sticks with the cloth tied to it. Of course the situation becomes a little complicated when some other children set us a piece of cloth at about the same time. But my Uncle Sam's children are very husky youngsters and they generally come out on top. (What would our dear grandmother say if she knew about it?)

Now and again I find myself embarrassed in this way by my Uncle Sam. I suppose I should never confess it but he has made all travel abroad very unpleasant for me. I am continually upbraided about my family failings. And dear old Uncle Sam, how he would fly into a rage if I hinted to him that he was not a perfect Southern Gentleman!

Leaf From My Notebook

His Majesty

Hermene Warlick

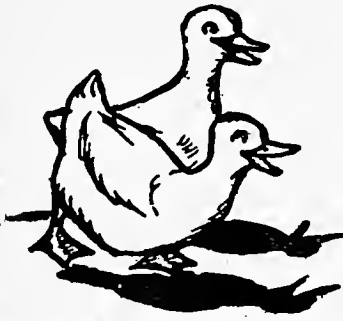
Ride on, Oh King,
In luxury;
Thy people gravel in the dust
In misery.
"God save the King"
Their tired lips confess;
"God damn the king"
Their weary hearts protest!

Enchanter of all my dreams,
You vivid orange moon,
Rises behind a distant pine
And then too soon
Changes suddenly it seems
To pale yellow like mellow wine.

—*Frieda Landon.*

Carried by the languid night wind
From the glowing tip of flaming red,
The bluish smoke drifts behind
The eager speaker's youthful head.
Curling daintily into the far reaches of the night
Adventuring farther in the ethereal haze
Until at last, it is obscured from sight
To become one of the innumerable shadows.

—*Frieda Landon, '28.*



Queer Quacks



The chorus had been singing angelically of "A new created world." when Grey Fetter said, "Dr. Brown, have you ever heard the little song, "There ain't no flies on us? This chorus sounds just like it."

Dr. Brown replied, "I am sure Haydn had that song in mind when he composed this chorus."

L. P.

* * *

Dr. Brown, "That was a poor lead, a very poor lead. All come in together on the first syllable of achieved, one, two, three, four, sneeze—"Achoo—"

L. P.

* * *

Junior: Ma! will the ten commandments hurt anyone?

Mother: Certainly not, son.

Junior: Well, that's all right, then. Baby just ate the ones teacher gave me yesterday.

—*California Pelican.*

* * *

"He says he loves me and he has known me only for two days."

"That's why." —*Stanford Chaparral.*

* * *

English Prof.: Tomorrow we will take the life of John Milton. Please come prepared.—*Magwump.*

* * *

Prof. J. B. (to English 3 student who has placed his feet on the bench in front of him): Take your feet down, please, so I can see what you look like.

The student complies.

Prof. J. B.; That's sufficient. Put them back up, please. —*Carolina Buccaneer.*

* * *

Zebra: What killed the laughing hyena?

Ostrich: Some college students came in here the other day and he died from over exertion.

—*Washington Dirge.*

* * *

Gang: We had jellied salad for lunch today

Plank: Oh, molded?

Gang: No, it was perfectly fresh.

—*California Pelican.*

Father: You will have to stop going around with Betty. She's too wild for you, son.

Son: She's not wild, father. She makes a wonderful pet. —*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

* * *

Cannibal Princess: Mother, I am bringing a man home for dinner.

Cannibal Mother: Well, don't bring a tough one. —*California Pelican.*

* * *

Mrs. Hazel: What dreadful language your parrot uses!

Mrs. Knutt: Yes. My husband bought the bird in town and brought it home in his car. And I understand he had three blow-outs and engine trouble on the way. —*Princeton Tiger.*

* * *

Flo—Is skiing hard on the feet?

Joe—No—not on the feet.—*Penn. State Froth.*

* * *

"He who laughs last laughs best."

"Yeah, and he who laughs first sees the point."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

* * *

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" she asked.

"Why, I'd love to," replied the young man caller, joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you."—*Iowa Frivol.*

* * *

Wife (in back seat)—Henry, dear, you mustn't drive so fast.

Husband—Why not?

Wife—The motor policeman who has been following us won't like it. —*Stanford Chaparral.*

* * *

I don't like my prof. at all,

In fact I think he's punk.

He sharpened his pencil with my knife

To mark me down a flunk.

—*S. California Wampus.*

NOAH AND DAN

Professor: Before I dismiss the class let me repeat the words of Webster.

A student Quite Sober: Let's get out of here. He's starting on the dictionary.

—*Southern California Wampus.*

* * * *

At a small country school the pupils were having a lesson on animals. The teacher had asked a number of questions which were easily answered. At length she said: "Why does a dog hang out his tongue when running?"

A lad who had not answered before held up his hand.

"Yes, Tommy, what is it?" she inquired.

"To balance his tail."—*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*

* * * *

He: May I kiss you on the forehead?

She: Not unless you want a bang in the mouth.

—*California Pelican.*

* * * *

FIND THE MAN

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, let's go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He could resist no longer. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you so. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.

"I'm not rich like Jawn Brown, and I haven't a car, or home, or cellar like his, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "Where is this man Brown?"

—*Boston Beanpot.*

* * * *

Tessie: Are you letting your hair grow out?

Jessie: Well, I don't see how I can stop it.

—*Washington Columns.*

* * * *

Lightning never strikes in the same place because the place isn't there after the first visit.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

* * * *

Poet: "Is there a literary club in this vicinity?"

Editor (reaching behind his desk): "There is. Are you literary?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

She: That man just insulted me.

He: I'll tell him where to get off. (Approaching tough)—Er—Do you understand French?

Tough: No!

He: Are you sure?

Tough: Yep.

He: Then, allez enfer.

(Approaching her): I told him where to get off. Told him to go to hell.

She: My hero!

—*Cornell Widow.*

* * * *

Frosh: That's a terrible looking dog that you have got there.

Soph: Sh, don't disappoint him, he thinks that he is an airdale

—*Lehigh Burr.*

* * * *

She: Do you think that a girl should learn to love before twenty?

He: Nope, too large an audience.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * * *

Property Manager (to villain)—Say, take those off. Those aren't your whiskers.

Villain—What are they?

Prop. Mgr.—They're one of the costumes for the Hawaiian chorus.

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

* * * *

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going amilking, sir," she said.

"In that dress, my pretty maid?"

"No, you dumb-bell, in this bucket!"

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

* * * *

"Do you think Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools'. I bought a ticket and it said 'Admit one'.

—*Dry Goods Economist.*

* * * *

Lawyer: "And may I ask why you want a divorce?"

Fair Client: "Certainly. It's because I'm married." —*American Legion Weekly.*

* * * *

Editor's note to contributors: "Please write on both sides of the paper as we have only a limited number of waste-baskets.—*Carnegie Tech. Magazine.*

* * * *

Imagine the goof who kids himself into thinking he's a detective because he ran down the heels on his shoes.—*Denver Parrakeet.*

BLACK AND WHITE
(Continued from Page 4)

him into their ranks to take part in the singing and jest-making. With the quick reaction possible to young people, he forgot his serious mood in the general merry-making, until he was suddenly brought back to by hearing a comrade remark: "Well, I see the negroes turned out tonight, too. That crippled black girl must think she's as good as any of us. Wonder what she's doing in a school like this?"

"She's doing better work than some of us," said Micky promptly, interrupting one of his own jokes.

"I say—what! Micky?" The boys all turned on him in astonishment.

"I said she was doing good work, and I say she's got as much right to be here as any of us," retorted Micky, with a sudden flare of anger that his new and dawning convictions should be questioned.

"Oh! I say—"

"But a negro, Micks!"

"Gosh, does sitting by 'em do it that soon?"

"What would your grandfather say, Micks?"

"What's got into you, Micky, old chap. Why, this morning—"

"Shut up," said Micky to George, who was making this last remark.

"Look here, son," retorted that offended young gentleman. I reckon I know—"

"Shut up, I tell you, George. And all you fellows, can it. You're talking about something and somebody you know absolutely nothing about. I say that people with spunk enough to come to a big university when their skies are black just because they want an education deserve some respect, even if they don't get it."

Shaking George's friendly, but remonstrative, hand off his arm, he strode off by himself down a side street. The crowd remained dumbfounded for a few minutes, but at George's philosophic suggestion that they "let old Micky be and see what happens," they went on home and sat on their steps for a sing, before turning in. In the meantime, Micky, walking along a country road in the cool night air, had cooled down from his surprising outburst and was beginning to see what he had done in a clearer, saner light. He realized that because of what he had said and done to-night, his problem of what to do at Chapel the next day was very much more complicated. Stronger than ever now, the old conflict began within him; he had learned since morning something of the other person's side, but he had also come to realize more clearly than ever how his friends, and hence how his family and friends at home, looked at the situation. Did he owe most of his duty to them, or should he, as president of his class, take a definite step toward what he was beginning to believe was a broader fellowship? Even the little contact that

he had with the black girl that day had made him think that here was a group of students who should not be excluded from the student body as a whole. But still—there was his old training and a trace of the old feeling left. In despair, he went home and to bed, although only sleeping fitfully until morning.

At breakfast and for the first two periods of class, he noticed the curious glances of his friends and classmates, and he felt that the news of his attitude had been spread and that the eyes of the college were upon his decision. With a feeling unknown to him before, he slipped away an hour before Chapel to avoid those eyes, and went to walk by himself.

He had scarcely reached the edge of the campus, however, when he met Louise Barnum, walking on her crutches a bit more stiffly than usual. There was no way to avoid meeting her. For one moment he thought of passing her and pretending not to recognize her, but something in her embarrassed face, as she tried to pass him unnoticed, with a quickening of her painful pace, made him lift his hat and smile at her in a friendly manner. In a moment it was all over, and he had passed on, but not until he had seen a quick look of surprise and a little answering smile on her face. Micky stalked on in an embarrassed sort of way, and then, with a sudden impulse, he turned around and—saw a Freshman speak and touch his cap as he passed Louise Barnum!

He wondered suddenly if anybody else would be influenced by his action. Of course, it would be uphill work, and perhaps the very situation would offend the people whose cause he was beginning to champion, but he wondered if it wouldn't be worth while, after all. Still, there was that old feeling of tradition, and a lack of courage to face the eyes of his friends, especially those in his especial set, who would not approve of his actions. He walked on, struggling within himself, until Chapel time.

Micky's walk made him reach the auditorium just a little later than usual. For the first time, he quailed to meet the battery of eyes that he knew would meet him when he entered assembly hall, but with a characteristic lift of his proud young Southern head, he walked on in. As he appeared, a deeper hush fell upon the section where his classmates sat. Many pairs of eyes were turned upon him expectantly. He saw George, sitting in a new place at the back of the Junior section, beckoning him to an empty place beside him. As Micky stood still in the aisle, still hesitating, someone gave a sudden laugh. Sick at heart and losing his nerve at the thought of the long struggle ahead of him if he chose the other seat, he started toward the beckoning George.

(Continued on Page 22)

PRUNING

(Continued from Page 9)

were shining. Her throat felt queer. "Yes," she heard herself say, "yes, they'll be very pretty."

Finally Harry began to grow restless. "Guess I'll stroll back to the house and smoke a bit if you don't mind, Mother. You and Alice can keep looking around."

When he had gone they walked down into the orchard. She tried to tell Alice of the happy times she had had there when she was young. "It's beautiful!" Alice said. "I wonder if the apples are good."

"Sweet and juicy," she answered. "But aren't the trees just like little green paradises? You'll probably never believe it, dear, but I used to sit upon that very limb and read."

Alice was looking up at them. "Aren't they pretty," she said, "but don't all those old branches keep them from bearing well? They aren't any use. We ought to have them trimmed."

Now she realized everything. That was it—pruning. She and the things she loved were old growth. They were being pruned out for young things, new things. It stunned her.

Harry met them at the door excitedly. He looked for all the world as he did the day he caught his first fish and tried to fry it himself to surprise her. Dear Harry! She saw him wink at Alice.

"Mother," he said, "I've a surprise for you."

Well, she would have a surprise for him, too, when he tasted some of her good hot biscuits! He hurried in, leading the way, beaming. He was going to the kitchen. "Here, Mother!" he flung open the door boyishly.

"Harry," she choked, "Harry!" Was she going to faint? She mustn't.

"That's all right, Mother. Now you won't have to work over that old stove. She's a bully cook, too."

"Yes, Harry." What could she say? She wanted to cry passionately, "It's mine! It's mine!!" That was childish. She couldn't spoil his happiness. She was saying it again, "Yes, Harry."

She didn't remember what she ate. It was all horrid gulping and choking, but she did it for Harry. She had eaten the burnt fish he had cooked and said it was good. She said this was good, too.

After what seemed to her ages, she was in

bed again. She counted the stars until they blurred before her eyes. She traced the eerie figures of moonlight and shadow on the floor. She simply couldn't sleep. Over and over it ran through her brain in maddening sing-sing, monotony. Pruning the old for the sake of the new. Pruning the old for the sake of the new. Harry was the same dear Harry. He was thinking of her always. Alice was a sweet girl, she told herself. It wasn't Harry, it wasn't Alice that made her restless, feverish. It was a big, cruel something, larger than she was, larger than they all were, pressing against her temples, pushing and moving her and Alice and Harry. An irresistible wave of rebellion swept over her, shaking through her body. She would show it! It wouldn't be! She would laugh in the monster's face. She would wrench herself from it. She crept out of bed. She fumbled her way to the table, found her work basket, and took from it a pair of long scissors. Slowly she made her way in the moonlight into the hall, down the long stairs. She closed the door softly and stepped down into the yard. Just outside the dining room window she paused, breathing rapidly.

"Oh, I'm so foolish," she said. "So foolish and sentimental." The moonlight shone on the abundant new shoots of the old rose bush. "Snip!" went the scissors, "Snip!" almost fiercely she was snipping them off, the new green shoots, one after another. At last they all lay on the ground and the rose bush stood old and gaunt. "There," she said. "There! You shan't be pruned away. You shall live and I shall take care of you. You shall have a chance even if you are old and ugly. "Were they crowding you out, the new shoots?" Then she laughed quaveringly, hysterically at her folly. She slowly climbed the steps again. She felt rather ashamed and weak, but she sighed a relieved sigh, too, as she crawled again into bed. "There!" she said, "I can sleep."

* * *

They were at breakfast.

"What in the world are you looking at, Harry? Come and drink your coffee before it gets cold."

"Why Alice, Mother, come look! What in the dickens! Someone's been positively mutilating this rosebush. Every bit of the new growth is cut off. What's the matter, Mother? Yes, it was pretty, but don't worry. It was getting old anyway. We'll cut it down and replace it with a new slip."

BLACK AND WHITE (Continued from Page 20)

Just at that minute Louise Barnum entered slowly and started down the aisle up which he was to go. An image of the two empty seats on either side of B-4 flashed before Micky's eyes, and with a sudden feeling of shame, he bent over as if to speak to a boy in one of the outside seats, as the crippled girl went by. Then, with his head flung back proudly, he hurried down the aisle and took his old seat, with a friendly smile, beside the negro girl.

A sort of combined sigh came from his classmates behind him, but whether it was one of judgment or one of approval he could not tell. However, he had committed himself, and in a characteristic manner, he did the thing all the way. It was not until half way through the Chapel period that he looked across the song book, out of which he and Louise Barnum were singing together, to find George Barkley sitting on the other side of her.

Afterwards outside the Chapel, George explained, with an embarrassed smile, by saying, "If you thought it was right to do that, Micky, old man, I reckon I could do it, too."

We wish to call your attention to the fact that miser is not a man who eats mice.—*Penn. State Froth.*

Man (on train): When we are in the tunnel I shall kiss you.

Lady: Sir, how dare you? I am a lady.

Man: That's just the reason I am going to kiss you. If I preferred a man, I'd call the conductor!

—*Washington's Cougar's Paw.*

'Twas not an act of chivalry
Nor yet the fear of scorn;
He offered her his street-car seat
To keep her off his corn.—*Colgate Banter.*

MEND THY WAYS

Pete: I made a bad break at dinner today.

Repeat: Would the Book of Etiquette have helped any?

Pete: No; but some glue did.—*West Point Pointer.*

The roller towel is enjoying a longer run than "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Prof. (in quiz section)—Who defeated the Israelites?
Student (coming out of a day dream)—I dunno! I don't follow any of these bush league teams.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

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MUNCH ON THIS

University lad in restaurant: I want a sandwich for my girl.

Hold-up waiter in restaurant: Olive?

U. L. I. R.: No, Helen.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

"Waiter, bring me two fried eggs, some ham, a cup of coffee and a roll," said the first customer.

"Bring me the same," said his friend, "but eliminate the eggs."

In a moment the waiter came back, leaned confidentially and penitently over the table, and whispered.

POETRY

(as our high-brow magazines see it)

The egg is smooth and very pale.

It has no nose, it has no tail;

It has no ears that one can see;

It has no wit, no repartee.

If it were round or even square,

Or squat in contour like a pear;

If it were green, or blue, or black;

Or had a shell that did not crack:

One would insure its velle tournure.

Eggs are most futile, vapid things;

They have no Soul, they have no wings;

They do not eat, they do not drink;

They do not even try to think.

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